

she has personalized other traditional favorites as well.
someone, perhaps her grandmother, tried to teach
her the "our father." her version goes, "our pooper,
who art in poopland, hallowed by thy poop. they
poopdom poop, they poop be pooped, on earth as it is
in poopland."

surely hemingway would feel one-upped. surely the second
pooping is at hand.

a fortune teller told us blake would be our greatest
sorrow and our greatest joy. already, it is true.

-- Gerald Locklin

Long Beach, CA

Image

She becomes the Blonde Beast,
she puts the Blonde Beast
ON,
she's under the image of the
Blonde Beast,
men and women grrr at
the Blonde Beast,
but she's hiding inside,
takes the Blonde Beast
off every night and puts it
in a drawer,
when she sleeps identities
float through her like
alligators in sewers,
when she wakes up she re-
creates the Blonde Beast,
watches people react to it,
but stays way, way inside,
like a single cookie in a
big cookie jar.

Utopia

I live in a race-tensionless
town
with pure air,
low crime-rate,
although there was a robbery
last month and the robber
kidnapped a sixteen year
old blonde clerk and
killed her ... found her body

in a swamp just outside of town
five days after she'd been kidnapped --
body decomposed ...
come to think of it,
wasn't more than fifty miles
away where there were five
murders last year, all coeds, raped,
murdered, mutilated,
and there's lots of
cases of exhibitionism,
guy'll stop his car,
open the door and
show his weaponry to a
little girl or a coed.
No coeds have been
killed here, though ...
but yesterday there was
this girl who'd
hitched a ride downtown,
right in the middle of
town, and the driver
had pulled a gun on
her and hit her,
she pulled the
steering wheel, ran him
of the road.
Predictions are varied
about student activity
this spring,
from zero
to levelling the
whole damned
town.

-- Hugh Fox

East Lansing, MI

Barking At Thunder

Everything that is beautiful becomes
Apparent,
at that point where the boomerang
stops before it turns back.

Everything stops, expectant, like dogs
Barking
at the sound of thunder, before
lightning rips silently in the darkness.

Everyone notices those times during the
Day,
when all thought stops, before the
faucet of the past pours down solitude.